

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd those newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes since then befallne.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe.

Tydings as swiftly as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mustred my soldiers, gathered flockes of friends,

And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,

Bearing the King in my behalfe along.

For by my scouts I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent

To dash your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your succession.

Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:

But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)

That rob'd my souldiers of their heated spleene.

Or whether 'twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,

Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,

Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.

Our souldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,

Or like an ydle Thresher with a flaile,

Fell gently downe, as if they smote their friends.

I cheer'd them vp with iustice of the cause,

With promise of hye pay, and great rewards:

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,

Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

So

of Yorke and Lancaster.

So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my selfe,

In hast, poste hast, are come to ioyne with you.

For in the marches heere we heard you were,

Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fife miles off the Duke is with his power.

But as for your brother, he was lately sent

From your kinde Aunt, Dutchesse of Burgundie,

With aide of souldiers 'gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. 'Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled.

Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursuite,

But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare:

For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,

Can plucke the Diadem from saint Henries head,

And wring the awefull Scepter from his fist,

Were he as famous and as bold in warre,

As he is fam'd for mildenesse, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,

'Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.

But in this troublous time, what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,

And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,

Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,

Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?

If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,

With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,

And of their feather many moe proud birds,

Haue wrought the easie melting King like waxe.

He swore consent to your succession,

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His